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# ADDITIONAL HYMNS

TO THE

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

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## ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

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### HYMN 521. P. M. 7s.

#### *Songs of Praise.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose, when he  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day.  
God will make new heav'ns and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No:—the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death:  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ

## HYMN 522. P. M. 10s &amp; 11s.

## REVELATION xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous and great thy works, God of  
praise !  
How just, King of saints, and true are thy ways !  
O who shall not fear thee, and honour thy name ?  
Thou only art holy, thou only supreme !
- 2 To nations long dark thy light shall be shown ;  
Their worship and vows shall come to thy throne.  
Thy truth and thy judgments shall spread all abroad,  
Till earth's ev'ry people confess thee their God.

## HYMN 523. P. M. 10s &amp; 11s.

*Adoring Praise.* PSALM civ.

- 1 **O** PRAISE ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim :  
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name !  
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great !  
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await !
- 2 Thy canopy's heav'n, in splendour so bright ;  
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light.  
The works of creation thy bidding perform ;  
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.
- 3 What wisdom is shown, what power display'd  
In all that thy hand hath fashion'd and made !  
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete ;  
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.
- 4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer, and King !  
With hearts full of love to thee will we sing ;  
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,  
And join in the chorus of blessing and praise.

## HYMN 524. L. M.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds!
- 2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne  
Burns with a lustre all its own:  
In shining ranks beneath thy feet,  
Angelic pow'rs and splendours meet.
- 3 Lord, what shall feeble mortals do?  
We would adore our Maker too:  
With lowly minds to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 God is in heav'n, and man below:  
Short be our tunes, our words be few:  
Let sacred rev'rence check our songs,  
And praise sit silent on our tongues.

## HYMN 525. L. M.

*God's Power and Majesty.*

- 1 **L**ORD God of armies, who can boast  
Of strength or pow'r like thine renown'd?  
Of such a num'rous faithful host,  
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 2 What seraph of celestial birth  
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?  
Or who among the gods of earth  
With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 3 Thine arm is potent, high thy hand:  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign.

Possess'd of absolute command,  
Thou truth and mercy wilt sustain.

- 4 With rev'rence and religious dread,  
Thy saints shall to thy temple press;  
Thy fear through all their hearts shall spread,  
Who thine almighty name confess.
- 5 And in thy strength shall they advance;  
Their conquests from thy favour spring:  
The Lord of hosts is their defence,  
And Israel's God is Israel's King.

### HYMN 526. L. M.

*The Presence of God makes every Place delightful.*

- 1 **O**H thou, by long experience try'd,  
Near whom no grief can long abide!  
All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impress'd with sacred love.
- 2 I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since thou art there;  
And with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 3 Could I be cast where thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot:  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding thee in all.

### HYMN 527. P. M. 8s.

*God Omnipresent and Omniscient.*

- 1 **S**EARCHER of hearts! to thee are known  
The inmost secrets of my breast.  
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,  
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,



- My thoughts far off, through ev'ry maze,  
Source, stream, and issue—all my ways.
- 2 No word that from my mouth proceeds,  
Evil or good, escapes thine ear.  
Witness thou art to all my deeds—  
Before, behind, for ever near.  
Such knowledge is for me too high:  
I live but in my Maker's eye.
- 3 How from thy presence should I go,  
Or whither from thy Spirit flee;  
Since all above, around, below,  
Exist in thine immensity,  
And feel thine all-controlling will,  
While thy right hand upholds them still?
- 4 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,  
O God, to me! how vast the sum!  
New ev'ry morn, they never cease;  
They were, they are, and yet shall come,  
In number and in compass more  
Than all the sand of ocean's shore.
- 5 Search me, O God, and know my heart;  
Try me, my secret soul survey;  
And warn thy servant to depart  
From ev'ry false and evil way;  
And let thy truth my guidance be  
To life and immortality.

HYMN 528. L. M.

*Divine Mercy and Compassion.*

- 1 **O** GOD, how free thy mercies flow!  
But thy reluctant wrath, how slow!  
High as the bright expanded skies,  
Thy vast, unbounded mercies rise.
- 2 As distant as creating pow'r  
Has fix'd the east and western shore,

So far our num'rous crimes remove  
At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.

- 3 The tend'rest yearning nature knows,  
A father's love, too faintly shows  
The ever-kind, indulgent care,  
Which God's obedient children share.
- 4 His mercy with unchanging rays  
For ever shines, while time decays;  
And children's children shall record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

HYMN 529. P. M. 8s.

*The Pardoning God.* MICAH vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways  
Are matchless, heav'nly and divine:  
But the bright glories of thy grace  
More godlike and unrivall'd shine.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Sins of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare—  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in thine honour share.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men resign their claim  
To pity, mercy, love, and grace:  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God—  
Pardon for sins of deepest dye,  
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.

Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

- 5 O may this vast, this matchless grace,  
This godlike miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all th' angelic choirs above!  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

## HYMN 530. L. M.

*Lord, what is Man?*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man? Extremes how wide  
In his mysterious nature join!  
The flesh, to earth and dust allied;  
The soul, immortal and divine!
- 2 Lord, what is man, when grace reveals  
Pardon and hope through Jesus' blood?  
A pow'r, a life divine he feels,  
Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 3 And what, in yonder realms above,  
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be;  
With honour, holiness, and love  
Adorn'd, and ever dear to thee?
- 4 In endless bliss and rapt'rous song,  
Shall man his hallelujahs raise;  
While hosts of angels round thee throng,  
And swell the chorus of thy praise.

## HYMN 531. L. M.

*Providential Bounties improved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights! we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed  
 The copious drops of genial rain,  
 Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,  
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread,  
 Yet millions of our guilty race,  
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts  
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
 But, what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
 Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
 And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall,  
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,  
 And thou, O God, enjoy'd in all.

## HYMN 532. S. M.

*God our Shepherd.* PSALM xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,  
 I shall be well supplied:  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right way,  
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
 I cannot yield to fear:  
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
 My Shepherd's with me there.

- 5 The bounties of his love  
 Shall crown my foll'wing days;  
 Nor from his house shall I remove,  
 Nor cease to speak his praise.

## HYMN 533. P. M. 7s.

*All from God.*

- 1 **F**ATHER! thy paternal care  
 Has my guardian been, my guide.  
 Ev'ry hallow'd wish and pray'r  
 Has thy hand of love supply'd.  
 Thine is ev'ry thought of bliss,  
 Left by hours and days gone by;  
 Ev'ry hope thine offspring is,  
 Beaming from futurity.
- 2 Ev'ry sun of splendid ray;  
 Ev'ry moon that shines serene;  
 Ev'ry morn that welcomes day;  
 Ev'ry evening's twilight scene;  
 Ev'ry hour which wisdom brings;  
 Ev'ry incense at thy shrine;  
 These—and all life's holiest things;  
 And its fairest—all are thine.
- 4 And for all, my hymns shall rise  
 Daily to thy gracious throne:  
 Thither let mine asking eyes  
 Turn unwearied—righteous one!  
 Through life's strange vicissitude  
 There reposing all my care;  
 Trusting still, through ill and good,  
 Fix'd, and cheer'd, and counsell'd there.

## HYMN 534. P. M. 8s.

*The Mariner's Hymn.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the Sea! thy potent sway  
 Old Ocean's wildest waves obey.

The gale that whistles through the shrouds,  
 The storm that drives the frightened clouds,—  
 If but thy whisper order peace,  
 How soon their rude commotions cease !

2 Lord of the Sea ! the seaman keep  
 From all the dangers of the deep !  
 When high the white-capp'd billows rise,  
 When tempests roar along the skies,  
 When foes or shoals awaken fear—  
 O in thy mercy be thou near !

3 Lord of the Sea ! a sea is life  
 Of care and sorrow, wo and strife !  
 With watchful pains we steer along,  
 To keep the right path, shun the wrong.  
 O grant, when here we cease to roam,  
 To us an everlasting home !

### HYMN 535. P. M. 7s.

*Our times in the hand of God.*

1 **S**OV'REIGN ruler of the skies,  
 Ever gracious, ever wise !  
 All my times are in thy hand,  
 All events at thy command.

2 Thou did'st form me by thy pow'r ;  
 Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour :  
 All my times shall ever be  
 Order'd by thy wise decree :—

3 Times of sickness, times of health ;  
 Times of penury and wealth ;  
 Times of trial and of grief ;  
 Times of triumph and relief.

4 O thou gracious, wise, and just !  
 Unto thee my life I trust.

Have I somewhat dearer still?  
I resign it to thy will.

- 5 May I always own thy hand·  
Still to thee surrender'd stand;  
Know that thou art God alone;  
I and mine are all thine own.

### HYMN 536. C. M.

*God sends both Prosperity and Adversity*

- 1 **T**HE Lord! how tender is his love!  
His justice, how august!  
*Hence* all her fears my soul derives;  
*There* anchors all my trust.
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,  
To feed the barren waste;  
Or points with death the dreadful hail,  
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,  
Are dust beneath his tread:  
He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,  
And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,  
The sick from anguish cease:  
In dungeons spreads his healing wing,  
And softly whispers peace.
- 5 For me, O Lord! whatever lot  
The hours commission'd bring:  
Do all my with'ring blessings die,  
Or fairer clusters spring:
- 6 O grant that still, with grateful heart,  
My years resign'd may run:  
'Tis thine to give or to resume;  
And may thy will be done!

## HYMN 537. C. M.

*God's Providence, and the Folly of Self-dependence.*

- 1 **G**OD reigns; events in order flow,  
Man's industry to guide :  
But in a diff'rent channel go,  
To humble human pride.
- 2 The swift not always, in the race,  
Shall seize the crowning prize ;  
Not always wealth and honour grace  
The labours of the wise.
- 3 Fond mortals but themselves beguile,  
When on themselves they rest :  
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,  
By thee, O Lord, unbless'd.
- 4 Evil and good before thee stand,  
Their mission to perform :  
The sun shines bright at thy command,  
Thy hand directs the storm.
- 5 O Lord, in all our ways we'll cwn  
Thy providential pow'r ;  
Entrusting to thy care alone  
The lot of ev'ry hour.

## HYMN 538. P. M. 11s.

*Christ's Advent, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."*

- 1 **A** VOICE from the desert comes awful and  
shrill :  
The Lord is advancing ! prepare ye the way !  
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,  
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though tow'ring  
to heav'n,  
And be the low valley exalted on high :



The rough path and crooked be made smoothe and even;

For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;  
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;  
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,  
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

### HYMN 539. C. M.

*Christ's Character foretold.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD my servant, see him rise  
Exalted in my might!  
Him have I chosen, and in him  
I place supreme delight.
- 2 Gentle and still shall be his voice;  
No threats from him proceed;  
The smoking flax shall he not quench,  
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 3 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;  
The weak will not despise;  
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
And make the fallen rise.
- 4 The progress of his zeal and power  
Shall never know decline,  
Till foreign lands and distant isles  
Receive the law divine.

### HYMN 540. P. M. 8s & 7s.

*Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.*

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
"Glory in the highest, glory !  
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found :  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven :—  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 "Christ is born, the great anointed :  
Heav'n and earth his praises sing !  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your prophet, priest, and king."
- 5 Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;  
Spread the brightness of his glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

## HYMN 541. L. M.

*Prophecy fulfilled in Christ's birth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God who reigns above,  
Who dwells in light, whose name is love :  
Ye saints and angels, if ye can,  
Declare the grace of God to man.
- 2 Messiah's come : with joy behold  
The days by prophets long foretold.  
Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke,  
And time still proves what Jacob spoke.
- 3 Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,  
The time prophetic seals requir'd :  
Cut off for sins, but not his own,  
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.
- 4 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
In Jesus, God's most "holy child."  
His birth, his life, his death combine,  
To prove his character divine.

## HYMN 542. P. M. 7s. &amp; 6s.

## PSALM lxxii.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong:  
To give them songs for sighing;  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,  
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall descend like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth;  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth.  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 For him shall pray'r unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever;  
That name to us is—love.

## HYMN 543. L. M.

*Salvation through Jesus.*

- 1 **T**O God, of ev'ry good the spring,  
The tribute of your praises bring,  
For grace and truth through Jesus giv'n,  
Mercy and peace and hopes of heav'n.
- 2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,  
Salvation is in Jesus' name.  
Salvation! shout the glorious sound,  
Proclaim it to the world around.
- 3 Tell ev'ry fearful, trembling soul,  
The word of Christ will make him whole.  
Invite the hungry poor to come;  
At Jesus' feast there still is room.
- 4 Jesus! that name shall calm their fears,  
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,  
Give ease to ev'ry throbbing breast,  
And to the sorrowing mourner rest.
- 5 Jesus, our Prophet, Saviour, King!  
For Jesus grateful praise we bring  
To thee from whom his blessings flow'd;  
To thee, our Father and our God.

## HYMN 544. L. M.

*Jesus teaching the People.*

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
When list'ning thousands gathered round,  
And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.
- 2 From heav'n he came, of heav'n he spoke,  
To heav'n he led his foll'wers' way:  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3 "Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home;  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"  
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,  
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

## HYMN 545. C. M.

*Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

- 1 **L**ORD, should we leave thy hallow'd feet,  
To whom could we repair?  
Where else such holy comforts meet,  
As spring perennial there?
- 2 Thou art the way—through thee alone  
From sin and death we flee:  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 3 Thou art the truth—thy word alone  
Sound wisdom can impart:  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 4 Thou art the life—the rending tomb  
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm:  
And those who put their trust in thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 5 Thou art the way, the truth, the life:  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

## HYMN 546. C. M.

*Excellency of the religion of Jesus.*

- 1 **I**S there on earth a nobler name  
Than Jesus to be found?

- Who can assert a higher claim,  
Or more with truth abound?
- 2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,  
Commission'd from above,  
He bears to our rebellious race  
The messages of love.
- 3 Behold his gentle spirit feel  
The suff'rings of mankind;  
And with a word the sorrows heal  
Of body and of mind.
- 4 How lofty were the truths he taught!  
How pure the life he led!  
And shall another Lord be sought,  
And we disown our Head?
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus, shall we let  
This precious Saviour go?  
And, basely, at defiance set  
Him who hath lov'd us so?
- 6 Forbid it, Lord! nor let us yield  
To this unworthy shame:  
Let each, with holy courage fill'd,  
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

## HYMN 547. L. M.

*"See, how He loved."*

- 1 **S**EE how he lov'd! exclaim'd the Jews,  
When Jesus sympathizing wept:  
My grateful heart the words shall use,  
While on his life mine eye is kept.
- 2 See how he lov'd, who travel'd on  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death;

But all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath.

- 4 And shall such love meet no return?  
Nor wake the passions of the breast?  
Shall not our grateful bosoms burn,  
To prove our love by ev'ry test?
- 5 Yes, we will love thee, Saviour, guide,  
For thou hast lov'd us, O how well!  
More than all earthly friends beside,  
More than our feeble lips can tell!

## HYMN 548. L. M.

*"Behold the Man!"*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the man! how glorious he!  
Before his foes he stands unaw'd,  
And, without wrong or blasphemy,  
He claims to be the Son of God.
- 2 Behold the man! by all condemn'd,  
Assaulted by a host of foes;  
His person and his truths contemn'd,  
A man of suff'rings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man! so weak he seems,  
His awful word inspires no fear:  
But soon must he who now blasphemes,  
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 4 Behold the man! though scorn'd below,  
He bears the greatest name above;  
The angels at his footstool bow,  
And all his royal claims approve.

## HYMN 549. C. M.

*Redemption by the Cross of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,  
A spectacle of wo!

- See from his agonizing wounds  
The blood incessant flow ;
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek  
And trembling lips were spread ;  
Till light forsook his closing eyes,  
And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies  
For sins, but not his own ;  
The great redemption is complete,  
And death is overthrown.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past ;  
His blood, his pain, and toils,  
Have fully vanquished our foes,  
And crown'd him with their spoils.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—ritual worship ends,  
And gospel ages run :  
All old things now are pass'd away,  
A new world is begun.

HYMN 550. P. M. 8, 8, & 6s.

1 CORINTH. xv. 56, 57.

- 1 **H**AIL ! to the heav'nly pow'r which broke  
The strength of sin's tyrannic yoke,  
And freed our captive race ;  
Did all the rage of hell confound,  
And gave to death its fatal wound :  
All hail, victorious grace !
- 2 Hail ! to the friend of human kind,  
Who to the cross himself resign'd,  
To succour man distress ;  
Who could unnumber'd wrongs forgive,  
Who groan'd, the rebel to relieve,  
And died, to make him blest !
- 3 Saviour ! to thee our souls we owe,  
Our peace and sweetest joys below,



- And brightest hopes above.  
 Then let our lives and all that's ours,  
 Our souls, and all our active pow'rs,  
 Be sacred to thy love !
- 4 O when shall that great day arise,  
 When, in full splendour, to our eyes  
 Thy glories shall appear !  
 Then, in a far more noble strain,  
 We'll praise thee on the blissful plain,  
 Through heav'n's eternal year.

## HYMN 551. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

ISAIAH lxiii. 1—4.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from Edom,  
 All his raiment stain'd with blood,  
 To the captive speaking freedom,  
 Bringing and bestowing good ?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
 Trav'ling onward in his might.  
 'Tis the Saviour ; O how glorious  
 To his people is the sight !
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining ?  
 'Tis the blood of many slain :  
 Of his foes there's none remaining,  
 None the contest to maintain.
- 4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever !  
 Wear the crown so dearly won !  
 Never shall thy people, never,  
 Cease to sing what thou hast done !

## HYMN 552. L. M.

*Gratitude for Christ's Sufferings.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith with fixed eyes  
 Beholds thy wondrous sacrifice,

- Love rises to an ardent flame,  
And we can glory in thy name.
- 2 With cold affections who can see  
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,  
Thy flowing tears and dewy sweat,  
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet !
- 3 Jesus, what millions of our race  
Have been the triumphs of thy grace !  
And millions more to thee shall fly,  
And on thy covenant rely.
- 4 The sorrow, shame, and death were thine :  
But ours the stores of grace divine,  
The hope, the pardon, life and bliss !  
What love can be compar'd to this ?

## HYMN 553. L. M.

*Christ's Passion.*

- 1 **T**HE morning dawns upon the place,  
Where Jesus spent the night in pray'r :  
Through yielding glooms behold his face ;  
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he call'd his own,  
Betray'd, forsaken, or deny'd,  
He met his enemies alone,  
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found ;  
He neither threatens nor complains ;  
Meek as a Lamb for slaughter bound,  
Dumb midst his murd'ers he remains.
- 4 But, hark ! he prays,—'tis for his foes ;  
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends ;  
Answers, and paradise bestows ;  
He bows his head, the conflict ends.
- 5 Truly this was the Son of God !  
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,

And bruise'd beneath the Father's rod—  
Not for himself—for man he dies.

## HYMN 554. P. M. 7s.

*Christ's Example in Suffering.*

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel temptation's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
Watch with him one bitter hour.  
Turn not from his griefs away;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 See him at the judgment-hall,  
Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd:  
See him meekly bearing all!  
Love to man his soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss:  
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain climb;  
There, admiring at his feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete!  
"It is finish'd," hear him cry:—  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
Where they laid his breathless clay.  
All is solitude and gloom:  
—Who has taken him away?  
Christ is ris'n; he meets our eyes,  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

## HYMN 555. C. M.

*The Example of Jesus followed by his faithful Servants.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see

- The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourners here below ;  
Their eyes were dimm'd with tears ;  
And hard they strove, as we would now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 And ask we, whence their vict'ry came ?  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,  
Their triumphs to his death.
- 4 'They marked the footsteps that he trod ;  
His zeal inspir'd their breast ;  
And foll'wing their victorious Lord.  
Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern giv'n ;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heav'n.

## HYMN 556. C. M.

*The Example of Jesus followed by the Martyrs.*

- 1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in his train ?—  
Who best can drink his cup of wo,  
Triumphant over pain ;  
Who patient bears his cross below ;  
He follows in his train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his master in the sky,  
And call'd on him to save.  
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,

He pray'd for them that did the wrong.  
Who follows in his train?

- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came :  
Twelve valiant saints ; their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.  
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel.  
Who follows in their train?

- 4 A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd.  
They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n,  
Through peril, toil, and pain.  
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,  
To follow in their train !

HYMN 557. L. M.

*Rising with Christ.*

- 1 **Y**E faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
If ris'n indeed with him ye are,  
Superior to the joys below,  
His resurrection's power declare.
- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove ;  
By actions show your sins forgiv'n ;  
And seek the glorious things above,  
And follow Christ, your head, to heav'n.
- 3 To him continually aspire,  
Contending for your native place ;  
And emulate the angel-choir,  
And only live to love and praise.
- 4 Your real life, with Christ conceal'd,  
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;

And glorious as your Head reveal'd,  
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

### HYMN 558. L. M.

#### *The last Advent of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
And, with'ring, from the vault of night  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord will come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruise'd, the suff'ring, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind!
- 4 Can this be he, who went to stray,  
A pilgrim on the world's highway;  
By pow'r oppress'd, and mock'd by pride?  
Oh, God! is this the crucify'd?
- 5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

### HYMN 559. C. M.

#### *The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise,  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nation's round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow;

“Up to the hill of God,” they say,  
“And to his courts we’ll go.”

3 The beams that shine on Zion’s hill  
Shall lighten ev’ry land:  
The King who reigns in Zion’s tow’rs,  
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts encount’ring hosts,  
Their millions slain deplore;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.

5 Come, then—Oh, come from ev’ry land,  
To worship at his shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

### HYMN 560. P. M.

*The spread of Christ’s Kingdom, to be desired and  
promoted.*

1 **F**ROM Greenland’s icy mountains.  
From India’s coral strand,  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;  
Though ev’ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown:  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation,  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## HYMN 561. L. M.

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God!  
In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our benighted race!
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give pow'r and unction from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Convert the nations: far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till ev'ry people call him Lord.



## HYMN 562. L. M.

DANIEL ii. 45.

- 1 **E**XERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,  
Insulted, everlasting King!  
The influence of thy crown increase,  
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 We long to see that happy time,  
That promis'd and expected day,  
When countless myriads of our race  
The second Adam shall obey.
- 3 The prophecy must be fulfill'd,  
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;  
The stone cut from the mountain's side,  
Though unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the blended image fall,  
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;  
And superstition's gloomy reign  
To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one sweet symphony of praise,  
Gentile and Jew shall then unite;  
And infidelity, asham'd,  
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,  
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;  
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,  
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

## HYMN 563. P. M. 8, 8, &amp; 6s.

*Spread of the Gospel in the New Settlements of the  
United States.*

- 1 **W**HEN, Lord, to this our western land,  
Led by thy providential hand.  
Our wand'ring fathers came:

Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,  
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,  
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,  
The desert features soon were lost;  
Thy temples there arose :  
Our shores, as culture made them fair,  
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by pray'r,  
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And, O ! may we repay this debt  
To regions solitary yet  
Within our spreading land !  
There, brethren from our common home  
Still westward, like our fathers, roam ;  
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Father ! we own this debt of love :  
O shed thy Spirit from above,  
To move each Christian breast ;  
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,  
And temples raise to fix thy name  
Through all our desert west.

### HYMN 564. P. M. 7s.

#### REVELATION xiv. 2, 3.

1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign.  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

3 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheath'd his sword : he speaks—'tis done ;

And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

4 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway :  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away.

5 Then the end :—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall.  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 565. P. M. 8s & 7s.

*The Church, the City of God.*

PSALM lxxvii. 3. ISAIAH xxxiii. 20, 21.

1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God !  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode.

2 On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
'Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

HYMN 566. C. M.

*For Whit-sunday.*

1 **S**PIRIT of truth, on this thy day  
To thee for help we cry,

- To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality !
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone :  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not, that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more :  
Enough for us, to trace thy will  
In scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 No heav'nly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share :  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our pray'r.
- 5 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, and hope, and love.

## HYMN 567. S. M.

*The Divine Spirit, the Teacher, Supporter, and  
Comforter.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, ere he breath'd  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd,  
With us on earth to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of flame,  
To teach, convince, subdue :  
All pow'rful as the wind he came,  
To sense as viewless too.
- 3 His is the voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of ev'n,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks to us of heav'n.

- 4 Each virtue we possess,  
 Each vict'ry we have won,  
 And ev'ry thought of holiness,  
 Are his, and his alone.
- 5 Spirit of might and grace,  
 Our weakness pitying see :  
 O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,  
 A temple worthier thee.

## HYMN 568. L. M.

*Teachings of the Spirit.*

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,  
 Whose pow'r and grace are unconfin'd,  
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,  
 The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumin'd eyes display  
 The glorious truth thy word reveals ;  
 Cause me to run thy heav'nly way ;  
 The book unfold, unloose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,  
 The myst'ries of redeeming love,  
 The emptiness of things below,  
 The excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,  
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad.  
 To show the dangers of the way,  
 And guide my feeble steps to God.

## HYMN 569. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Comforts of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 HOLY Ghost ! dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of nature's night :  
 Come, thou source of joy and gladness,  
 Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

- 2 Come, thou best of all donations  
God can give, or man implore !  
Having thy sweet consolations,  
We need wish for nothing more.
- 3 Author of the new creation !  
Come with unction and with pow'r ;  
Make our hearts thy habitation ;  
On our souls thy graces show'r.
- 4 Manifest thy love for ever ;  
Fence us in on ev'ry side ;  
In distress be our reliever ;  
Guard and teach, support and guide.
- 5 Hear, oh, hear our supplication,  
Blessed Spirit ! God of peace !  
Rest upon this congregation  
With the fulness of thy grace.

## HYMN 570. S. M.

*Man's Dependence on Divine Succours.*

- 1 **T**HO keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl :  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream :  
It is not at our own command,  
But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And in his grace confide :  
'This more exalts the King of kings,  
'Than all your works beside.

- 5 In God is all our store;  
 Grace issues from his throne.  
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"  
 Confesses he has none.

## HYMN 571. S. M.

PHILIPPIANS ii. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**EIRS of unending life,  
 While yet we sojourn here,  
 O let us our salvation work  
 With trembling and with fear!
- 2 God will support our souls  
 With might before unknown.  
 The work to be perform'd is ours;  
 The strength is all his own.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,  
 'Tis he that works to do:  
 His is the pow'r by which we act;  
 His be the glory too!

## HYMN 572. P. M. 7s.

*The Fruitfulness and Happiness of the Godly  
 spring from God. . PSALM i. 3.*

- 1 **B**LESSED state, and happy he,  
 Who is like that planted tree!  
 Living waters lave his root;  
 Bends his bough with golden fruit.
- 2 Thine, O Lord! the pow'r and praise,  
 Which a sight like this displays.  
 Pow'r of thine must plant it there:  
 Praise of thee it should declare.
- 3 Thou must first prepare the ground;  
 Sow the seed, and fence it round.

Streams that water, suns that shine,  
Each and all are ever thine.

- 4 When the seedling from its bed  
First lifts up its timid head,  
Ministry of thine must give  
All on which its life can live.
- 5 Show'rs from thee must bid it thrive;  
Breath of thine must oft revive;  
Light from thee its bloom supplies;  
Left by thee, it fades and dies.
- 6 Whose, then, when a tree up-grown,  
Should its fruit be, but thine own?  
And thy glorious heritage  
Is its fadeless leaf in age.

### HYMN 573. L. M.

*The Scriptures our Light and Guide.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
A fiery pillar went before,  
To guide them through the dreary waste,  
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God!  
'Tis for our light and guidance giv'n:  
It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
And points the path to bliss and heav'n.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
And quickens its inactive pow'rs:  
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right;  
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;  
Its doctrines are divinely true:  
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;  
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye favour'd lands, who have this word!  
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r!



Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
And his distinguish'd grace adore.

## HYMN 574. C. M.

*Instruction from Scripture.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place;  
And these thy servants, night and day,  
Thy skill and power express.
- 4 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine:  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 5 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
How pure is ev'ry page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

## HYMN 575. C. M.

*The Seed of the Word.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, God of grace!  
Send down thy heav'nly rain:  
In vain we plant without thine aid,  
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,  
Defraud us of our gain;

- Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,  
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,  
Where but the blade can spring;  
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon,  
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,  
A transient rapture prove;  
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns  
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,  
Receive this heav'nly word:  
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits  
Their hundred fold afford.

## HYMN 576. C. M.

*God our Portion here and hereafter.*

- 1 **W**HOM have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee,  
And whom on earth beside?  
Where else for succour can we flee,  
Or in whose strength confide?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,  
Our promis'd bliss above:  
Ne'er may our souls an object know  
So precious as thy love.
- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,  
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,  
Support us through life's thorny vale,  
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,  
And help and strength supply;  
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,  
And welcome us on high.

## HYMN 577. S. M.

*God, the All-sufficient Good.*

- 1 **H**ERE, in a world of doubt,  
A sorrowful abode,  
O how my heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God !
- 2 As for the water-brooks '  
The hart expiring pants :  
So for my God my spirit looks ;  
Yea, for his presence faints.
- 3 I know thy joys, O earth ;  
I've tasted of thy cup,  
And mingled in thy scenes of mirth,  
And leaned upon thy hope.
- 4 But, ah ! how sighs and fears  
Those transient joys succeed !  
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,  
That hope is but a reed.
- 5 What have I then below,  
Or what but thee above ?  
Great God ! O let thy creature know  
The fulness of thy love !

## HYMN 578. C. M.

*Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, in humble pray'r  
To thee our souls we lift :  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour  
May bring and take away;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and pow'r,  
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart  
The knowledge how to live:  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,  
Before the evil day!  
The old be guided by thy truth  
In wisdom's pleasant way!

## HYMN 579. P. M. 7s.

*True Happiness only in God.*

- 1 **H**APPINESS! thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat? O tell me where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out, "It is not here."
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny.  
Lord, if thou thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.
- 3 Source and giver of repose,  
Mine it is, if thou art mine.  
Singly from thy smile it flows;  
Peace and happiness are thine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,  
Ev'ry object yields me joy.  
Here O may I walk with thee,  
Then into thy presence die.
- 5 Let me but thyself possess,  
Real bliss I then shall prove—  
Total sum of happiness,  
Heav'n below and heav'n above!

## HYMN 580. P. M. 8s.

*The Christian Israel.*

- 1 **T**HUS far on life's perplexing path,  
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,  
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,  
Unharm'd, though floods hung o'er our head  
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,  
Here then we pause, look back, adore.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
Like all our Fathers in their day,  
We to the land of promise go,  
Lord, by thine own appointed way.  
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,  
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 Protect us, through the wilderness,  
From ev'ry peril, plague and foe:  
With bread from heav'n thy people bless,  
And living streams, where'er we go:  
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,  
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 4 Thy holy law to us proclaim,  
But not from Sinai's top alone:  
Hid in the rock-cleft, be thy name  
And all thy goodness to us shown:  
And may we never bow the knee  
Or worship any God but thee.
- 5 When we have number'd all our years,  
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,  
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,  
O let not then the spirit sink:  
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream, to rise above.

## HYMN 581. P. M. 8, 7, &amp; 4s.

*Prayer for Direction and Support*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!  
 Pilgrim through this barren land:  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more!
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow:  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through.  
 Strong Deliv'rer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield!
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside:  
 Death of death and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

## HYMN 582. P. M. 8s

*Prayer for God's Love.*

- 1 **O** DRAW me, Father! after thee,  
 So shall I run and never tire.  
 With gracious words still comfort me;  
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire.  
 Free me from ev'ry weight: nor fear  
 Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
- 2 From all eternity, with love  
 Unchangeable thou hast me view'd.  
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,  
 Thy tender mercies me pursu'd.  
 Ever with me may they abide,  
 And close me in on ev'ry side.

- 3 In suff'ring, be thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be thy love my pow'r :  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
My God ! in that important hour,  
In death as life be thou my guide,  
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

## HYMN 583. C. M.

*Lord, remember me.*

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,  
I raise my soul to thee :  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord, remember me !
- 2 When on my aching burden'd heart  
My sins lie heavily ;  
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :  
Good Lord, remember me !
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee ;  
O let my strength be as my day :  
Good Lord, remember me !
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble frame shall be ;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
Good Lord, remember me !
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait thy just decree :  
Be this the pray'r of my last breath,  
Good Lord, remember me !
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand  
And lift my soul to thee :  
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,  
Good Lord, remember me !

## HYMN 584. C. M.

*Prayer for Divine Help.*

- 1 **O**H, help us, Lord, each hour of need,  
Thy heav'nly succour give :  
Help us, in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth to live.
- 2 Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh, help us, Lord, the more !
- 3 Oh, help us, through the pray'r of faith  
More firmly to believe !  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh, help us, Father, from on high !  
We know no help but thee :  
Oh, help us so to live and die,  
As thine in heav'n to be !

## HYMN 585. C. M.

*Preservation from the power of Sin implored.*

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry thought and wish impure,  
Great God ! preserve my soul  
May ev'ry rebel passion bow  
To thy divine control !
- 2 Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts,  
To lead the soul aside :  
O teach me all its arts to shun,  
And be my constant guide !
- 3 Ne'er let me venture to begin,  
The gay, enchanted round,  
Where, in a thoughtless, guilty maze,  
The slaves of sin are found.



- 4 O grant me thine assisting grace,  
Where'er I'm call'd to go!  
Upheld by thee, my cautious feet  
The paths of peace shall know.
- 5 Through all the dang'rous scenes of life,  
Deign, Lord! my way to trace;  
And after death, may I behold  
With joy, thy holy face!

HYMN 586. C. M.

- 1 **A**LAS, what hourly dangers rise!  
What snares beset my way!  
To heav'n, O let me lift mine eyes,  
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live!  
My feeble efforts aid:  
Help me to look to thee and strive,  
Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,  
Lest foes and fears prevail:  
And bear my fainting spirit up,  
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,  
Or lure my feet aside:  
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,  
My guardian and my guide!
- 5 O keep me in the heav'nly way,  
And bid the tempter flee;  
And let me never, never stray  
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 587. C. M.

*Human Frailty.*

- 1 **W**EAK and irresolute is man:  
The purpose of to-day,

- Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part :  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
Through dangers little known—  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
To reach the distant coast :  
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

## HYMN 588. S. M.

*Trust of the Wicked and Righteous compared.*

- 1 **A**S parch'd in barren sands,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
The worthless bramble with'ring stands,  
And only grows to die :
- 2 Such is the sinner's case,  
Who makes the world his trust,  
And dares his confidence to place  
In vanity and dust.
- 3 A curse destroys his root,  
And dries his moisture up :  
He lives awhile, and bears no fruit,  
Then dies without a hope.
- 4 Blest he, whose hopes depend  
Upon the Lord alone !  
The soul that trusts in such a friend,  
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 5 So thrives the tree whose roots  
By constant streams are fed :

Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,  
It rears its branching head.

HYMN 589. P. M. 7s.

*Prepare to meet thy God.*

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!  
Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
For his judgment stand prepar'd:  
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 Who his advent may abide?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?
- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.
- 5 O may we our day improve,  
Listen to the gospel voice,  
Seek the things that are above,  
Scorn the world's pretended joys!

HYMN 590. C. M.

*God's Goodness and Long-Suffering should lead to  
Repentance.*

- 1 **U**NGRATEFUL mortal, whence this scorn  
Of God's long-suff'ring grace?  
And whence this madness that insults  
Th' Almighty to his face?
- 2 Is it because his patience waits  
And tender mercies move,

Thou multiply'st transgressions more,  
And scorn'st his offer'd love?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,  
His goodness is design'd  
To wake repentance in thy soul,  
And melt thy harden'd mind?

4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet  
Th' Almighty as thy foe,  
And treasure up his wrath in store  
Against the day of wo?

5 Soon shall that dreadful day approach,  
That must thy sentence seal,  
And righteous judgments, now unknown,  
In solemn pomp reveal:

6 While they, who, full of holy deeds,  
To glory seek to rise,  
Continuing patient to the end,  
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

### HYMN 591. P. M. 7s.

*To-day, the Season of Mercy.*

1 **H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this ev'ning's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;  
Stay not for the morrow's sun:

Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## HYMN 592. S. M.

*Gospel invitations to Repentance.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,  
Is whisp'ring, "Sinner, come:"  
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims  
To all around her, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, "Come!"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life:  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

## HYMN 593. P. M.

*The Gospel Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound.  
The year of jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.

The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 3 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace ;  
Ye contrite souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face.  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

### HYMN 594. S. M.

#### *Efficacy of Repentance.*

- 1 “**T**OGETHER let us plead,  
O sinner,” saith the Lord :  
“Give to the voice of wisdom heed,  
And trust my faithful word.
- 2 “Like scarlet though they glow,  
Or like the crimson bright,  
Your sins shall soon be pure as snow,  
As fleecy vestures white.”
- 3 By penitence and pray'r,  
The wondrous change is wrought ;  
They soothe the pangs of dark despair,  
And heal the wounded thought.
- 4 Bath'd in the hallow'd dews  
Of deep compunction's tears,  
The soul her health and strength renews,  
And meet for heav'n appears.
- 5 There all the joyful host,  
With acclamations high  
From death her glad recov'ry boast,  
And welcome to the sky.

## HYMN 595. L. M.

*The Soul returning to God.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From vain pursuits and madd'ning cares;  
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,  
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,  
From all the wand'rings of thy thought;  
From sickness unto death made whole;  
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,  
From passions ev'ry hour at strife.  
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn;  
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest: with heart inclin'd  
To keep his word, that word believe.  
Christ is thy rest: with lowly mind  
His light and easy yoke receive.

## HYMN 596. C. M.

*Preparation of the Heart implored.*

- 1 **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright,  
With rev'rence and with fear:  
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,  
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, convinc'd of sin,  
In weakness, want, and wo,  
Fightings without, and fears within,—  
Lord, whither shall we go?
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee  
With broken, contrite hearts:  
Give, what thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts.

- 4 Give deep humility—the sense  
Of godly sorrow, give :—  
A strong desire, with confidence  
To hear thy voice and live :—
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
Though mercy long delay :—  
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,  
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 6 Give these—and then thy will be done.  
Thus strengthen'd with all might,  
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,  
Shall pray, and pray aright.

## HYMN 597. P. M. 7s.

*Choosing the Heritage of God's People.*

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God !  
I have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns, a fugitive unblest.  
Brethren ! where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest.

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave.  
Where you dwell, shall be my home :  
Where you die, shall be my grave.  
Mine the God whom you adore :  
Your Redeemer shall be mine :  
Earth can fill my soul no more ;  
Ev'ry idol I resign.

## HYMN 598. C. M.

JEREMIAH iii. 23. HOSEA xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wander'd from the Lord !



- How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet heav'nly mercy calls, "Return :"  
Great God, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn :  
Oh, take the wand'rer home !
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove ?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,  
To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r  
How glorious, how divine !  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So base a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
My Father, I adore.  
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

## HYMN 599. P. M. 8s.

*Seeking Refuge.*

- 1 **F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly :  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
Father, we seek thy shelter here :  
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !
- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain ;  
Long have we sought for rest in vain ;  
'Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our souls been tempest-toss'd :  
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

## HYMN 600. L. M.

*Forgiveness and Peace of Conscience.*

- 1 **S**WEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest !  
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast.  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling hope and joy sincere,  
Come, make your constant dwelling here :  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,  
O make these sacred pleasures mine !  
Forgive my guilt, my fears remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then shall mine eyes, without a tear  
See death, with all its terrors near ;  
My soul in thee, my God, rejoice,  
And raptures tune my falt'ring voice.

## HYMN 601. P. M. 8s.

*Imploring Forgiveness and Newness of Life.*

- 1 **F**ORGIVE, Lord, for thy mercy's sake,  
Our multitude of sins forgive !  
Us for thine own possession take,  
And help us to thy glory live—  
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove  
Our faith by our obedient love.
- 2 To ev'ry soul forgiveness seal,  
And all thy mighty wonders show !  
Our hidden enemies expel,  
And conq'ring them to conquer go,  
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,  
And not one evil thought remain !

- 3 O put thou in our inward parts  
 The living law of perfect love !  
 Write the new precept on our hearts !  
 We shall not then from thee remove,  
 But in thy glorious image shine,  
 Thy people, and for ever thine !

## HYMN 602. S. M.

*Waiting for God's Mercy.*

- 1 **M**Y soul with patience waits  
 For thee, the living Lord :  
 My hopes are on thy promise built,  
 Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out  
 For thine enliv'ning ray,  
 More duly than the morning watch  
 To spy the dawning day.
- 3 In thee I trust, my God !  
 No bounds thy mercy knows—  
 The plenteous source and spring, from which  
 Eternal succour flows.
- 4 Thy friendly streams to us  
 Supplies in want convey :  
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
 And wash our guilt away.

## HYMN 603. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Gratitude for Recovery from Sin.*

- 1 **L**ORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee  
 For the bliss thy love bestows,  
 For the pard'ning grace that saves me,  
 And the peace that from it flows.  
 Help, O God, my weak endeavour;  
 This dull soul to rapture raise :

- Thou must light the flame, or never  
Can my love be warm'd to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wand'rer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away.  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before thy footstool kneeling,  
Deign thy suppliant's pray'r to bless.  
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise:  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth thy praise.

## HYMN 604. L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from thy fold, O God, my feet  
Once mov'd in error's devious maze;  
Nor found religious duties sweet,  
Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.
- 2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee  
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve.  
My soul was gently drawn to thee  
With cords of sweet, eternal love.
- 3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,  
And low in self-abasement fall:  
A poor, a helpless worm, I lie;  
And thou, my God, art all in all.
- 4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart  
Than all the joys that earth can give

- From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,  
Beneath thy countenance to live.
- 5 And when, in smiling friendship dress'd,  
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,  
Gently reclin'd upon thy breast,  
My latest breath shall bless thy name.
- 6 Then mine unfetter'd soul shall rise  
And soar above yon starry spheres,  
Join the full chorus of the skies,  
And sing thy praise through endless years.

## HYMN 605. C. M.

*The Highway to Zion.* ISAIAH XXXV. 8, 9, 10

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliv'rer sing;  
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,  
How holy and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,  
Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking serpent wound;  
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,  
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on  
Along the blissful road,  
Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
And see your Father, God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy  
Shall bloom on ev'ry head,  
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
Like shadows all are fled.

- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,  
 Pursue his footsteps still;  
 And let the prospect cheer your eye,  
 While lab'ring up the hill.

## HYMN 606. C. M.

*God speaking Peace to his People.*

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite  
 In silence soft and sweet :  
 And thou, my soul, sit gently down  
 At thy great Sov'reign's feet.
- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,  
 Yet gladly I attend :  
 For, lo! the everlasting God  
 Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul  
 The sound of peace convey ;  
 The tempest at his word subsides,  
 And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart  
 To grieve his love no more ;  
 But charm'd by melody divine,  
 To give its follies o'er.

## HYMN 607. C. M.

*The Reward of the Righteous. PSALM xxxvi*

- 1 **M**Y God the steps of pious men  
 Are order'd by thy will ;  
 Though they should fall, they rise again ;  
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways ;  
 Their virtue he approves ;  
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
 Nor leave the men he loves.

- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Mark well the man of righteousness!  
His sev'ral steps attend:  
'True pleasure runs through all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

## HYMN 608. C. M.

*Encouragement from the Experience of God's  
Goodness to his Servants.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
'The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
Till all who are distress'd  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Protection he affords to all  
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love:  
Experience will decide,  
How bless'd are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear:  
Make you his service your delight—  
He'll make your wants his care.

## HYMN 609. P. M. 8, 6, &amp; 8s.

ADOPTION. 1 JOHN iii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **L**ET others boast their ancient line,  
 In long succession great :  
 In the proud list let heroes shine,  
 And monarchs swell the state :  
 Descended from the King of kings,  
 Each saint a nobler title sings.
- 2 Pronounce me, gracious God, thy son ;  
 Own me an heir divine :  
 I'll pity princes on the throne,  
 When I can call thee mine.  
 Sceptres and crowns unenvy'd rise,  
 And lose their lustre in mine eyes.
- 3 Content, obscure, I pass my days,  
 To all I meet unknown ;  
 And wait till thou thy child shalt raise,  
 And seat me near thy throne.  
 No name, no honour here I crave,  
 Well-pleas'd with those beyond the grave.
- 4 Jesus, my elder brother, lives ;  
 With him I too shall reign :  
 No hostile pow'r, while he survives,  
 Shall make the promise vain.  
 In him my title stands secure,  
 And shall, while endless years endure.
- 5 When he, in robes divinely bright,  
 Shall once again appear,  
 Thou too, my soul, shalt shine in light,  
 And his full image bear.  
 Enough ! I wait th' appointed day :  
 Blest Saviour ! haste and come away.



## HYMN 610. L. M.

*Blessedness of Communion with God.*

- 1 **E**NOUGH of life's vain scene I've trod;  
Sweet is the interval of rest:  
With cheerful heart I meet my God;  
His presence makes me truly blest.
- 2 Father and Friend! relations dear,  
Rejoicing to the human soul;—  
They lift us above ev'ry fear,  
And ills (if ills there be) control.
- 3 Pleasant is life, and sweet the light  
That pours from the bright orb of day,  
Revealing to our raptur'd sight  
The world in all its rich display.
- 4 Pleasant is life, and sweet its ties,  
The touching charities of man:  
Friend, fellow, child, and parent rise,  
Endearing life's progressive plan.
- 5 But life and light would soon be vile,  
And all their dearest pleasures fall,  
Nor sun would shine, nor life would smile,  
Without thy presence gladd'ning all.

## HYMN 611. L. M.

*Influence of Religion.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH shades and solitudes profound  
The fainting trav'ler wends his way:  
Bewild'ring meteors glare around,  
And tempt his wand'ring feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome to his eye  
The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
When forth she sallies through the sky,  
The guardian angel of the night.

- 3 Thus, mortals blind and weak, below,  
Pursue the phantom bliss in vain:  
The world's a wilderness of wo,  
And life's a pilgrimage of pain;—
- 4 Till mild religion from above  
Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
The messenger of heav'nly love,  
The bow of promise 'mid the storm.
- 5 Ambition, pride, revenge depart,  
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;  
She makes the humble contrite heart  
A temple of the living God.
- 6 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
Where bright celestial ages roll,  
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
She points the way and leads the soul.
- 7 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,  
May we the crown of glory gain;  
Rise, when the hosts of heav'n expire;  
And reign with God, for ever reign!

## HYMN 612. L. M.

*Light of Religion.*

- 1 **I**F all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prison'd in life's little bound;  
If, trav'lers through this vale of tears,  
We saw no better world beyond:—  
O what could check the rising sigh?  
What earthly thing could pleasure give?  
Who then in peace could ever die?  
Or who would breathe a wish to live?
- 2 Yet such were life, without the ray  
From our divine religion giv'n.  
'Tis this that makes our darkness day;  
'Tis this that makes our earth a heav'n

Bright is the golden sun above,  
 And beautiful the flow'rs that bloom;  
 And all is joy, and all is love,  
 Reflected from a world to come.

## HYMN 613. S. M.

*It shall be well with the Righteous.*

ISAIAH iii. 10.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these!  
 Their sweetness who can tell?  
 In time and through eternity  
 'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,  
 Kept by Jehovah's eye,  
 'Tis well with them while life endures,  
 And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well, when joys they taste;  
 'Tis well, when sorrows flow;  
 'Tis well, when darkness veils the skies,  
 And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well, when on the mount  
 They feast on heav'nly love;  
 And 'tis as well, in God's account,  
 When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well, when summon'd hence,  
 From earth to heav'n they rise,  
 Join'd with the hosts of holy souls,  
 Made to salvation wise.

## HYMN 614. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*The Happiness of forsaking all to follow Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS! I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 Self renounc'd and sin forsaken:  
 Thou alone my guide shalt be.

- 2 Perish, ev'ry false ambition—  
 All, the world has lov'd or known :—  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heav'n are still mine own.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure  
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain :  
 In thy service pain is pleasure ;  
 With thy favour, loss is gain.
- 4 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find in ev'ry station  
 Something still to do or bear.
- 5 Think, what spirit dwells within thee ;  
 Think, what father's smiles are thine ;  
 Think, that Jesus died to win thee :  
 Child of heav'n, canst thou repine ?
- 6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
 Arm'd by faith and wing'd by pray'r.  
 Heav'n's eternal day's before thee ;  
 God's own hand shall lead thee there.
- 7 Soon shall close thine earthly mission ;  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days :  
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

## HYMN 615. C. M.

*Holy Fortitude.*

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
 A foll'wer of the Lamb ?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carry'd to the skies  
 On flow'ry beds of ease ?  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sail'd through bloody seas !

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this wild world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
Be faithful to my Lord;  
And bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 The saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 616. S. M.

*The Christian's Charge.*

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have;  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;  
To serve the present age;  
My calling to fulfil:—  
O may it all my pow'rs engage,  
To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare  
The strict account to give.  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely:  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forsaken die.

## HYMN 617. C. M.

*Christian Watchfulness.*

- 1 **A** WAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
And view the threat'ning scene :  
Legions of foes encamp around,  
And treach'ry lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
These enemies assail :  
How canst thou hope for future bliss,  
If their attempts prevail ?
- 3 Then to the work of God awake—  
Behold thy Master near—  
The various, arduous work pursue  
With vigour and with fear.
- 4 The awful register goes on ;  
The account will surely come ;  
And op'ning day or closing night  
May bear me to my doom.
- 5 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !  
Yet like a dream it flies,  
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
From these deluded eyes.

## HYMN 618. P. M. 7s.

*Image of God and Christ in Man.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,  
Glorify thyself in me !  
Meekly beaming in my face,  
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy always in thy love,  
Though unfriended or unknown,  
Fix my thoughts on things above ;  
Stay my heart on thee alone.

- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd  
To thy will,—thy will be done!—  
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind  
Of thy well beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,  
May I tread the path he trod,  
Die with Jesus on the cross,  
Rise with him to thee, my God.

## HYMN 619. L. M.

*Service of God.*

- 1 **M**Y gracious God, I own thy right  
To ev'ry service I can pay.  
O make it my supreme delight,  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end?  
Thine ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess,  
Thy love hath animating pow'r.

## HYMN 620. C. M.

*Christian Zeal.*

- 1 **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame  
The fire of love supplies;  
While that which often bears the name,  
Is self in a disguise.
- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,  
Can pity and forbear;  
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,  
And breathes revenge and war.

- 3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,  
He knows the worth of peace;  
But self contends for names and forms,  
Its party to increase.
- 4 Self may its poor reward obtain,  
And be applauded here;  
But zeal the best applause will gain,  
When Jesus shall appear.
- 5 O God, the idol self dethrone,  
And from our hearts remove;  
And let no zeal by us be shown,  
But that which springs from love.

## HYMN 621. C. M.

*Alacrity of Christian Obedience*

ROMANS viii. 15.

- 1 **N**OT by the terrors of a slave,  
Do saints perform thy will;  
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,  
Thy blest commands fulfil.
- 2 They find access at ev'ry hour  
To God within the veil;  
Hence they derive a quickning pow'r,  
And joys that never fail.
- 3 O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of thy abounding grace!  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his blissful face!
- 4 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 5 There shed a fervent love abroad,  
And make my comfort strong;



That I may say, "My Father God,"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

## HYMN 622. L. M.

*Christian Decision and Dedication to God.*

(CONFIRMATION.)

- 1 **O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows,  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am the Lord's, and he is mine.  
Help me, great God, to follow on,  
Obedient to thy voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, mine oft-divided heart;  
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest.  
With ashes who would grieve to part,  
When call'd on angels' food to feast?
- 5 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

## HYMN 623. S. M.

*Prayer for Christian Principles.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my pray'r.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;

On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill:  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss—  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto pray'r.

4 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,  
To thee and thy great name;  
A zealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word;  
Thy promise is for me:  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee.  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

## HYMN 624. L. M.

*Prayer for Christian Improvement.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who hast at thy command  
The hearts of all men in thy hand!  
My wishes and desires control;  
Mould ev'ry purpose of my soul.
- 2 Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;  
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;  
Suggest whate'er I think and say;  
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 3 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,  
Lest I in mine own strength confide:  
Show me my weakness; let me see,  
I have my pow'r, mine all from thee.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray;  
Dispose my nature to obey;  
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,  
And only love what pleases thee.
- 5 And while I to thine honour live,  
May I to thee all glory give,  
Until the summons, Lord, shall come,  
That calls thy willing servant home.

## HYMN 625. L. M.

*The Energy of Faith.*

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To him, who earth's foundation laid:  
Praise to the God, whose sov'reign will  
All nature's laws and pow'rs fulfil.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word;  
Where faith contemplates his decrees,  
And ev'ry gracious promise sees.

- 3 O for a strong and lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith;  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own !
- 4 Then should the earth's vast pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 5 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the perishable skies;  
And firm their basis shall remain,  
When these to chaos sink again.

## HYMN 626. P. M. 7s.

*Simplicity of Faith in God's Word.*

- 1 **L**ORD, for ever at thy side  
Let my place and portion be !  
Strip me of the robe of pride,  
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive  
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd.  
Thou hast spoken—I believe,  
Though the oracle were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,  
Weaned from the mother's breast;  
By no subtlety beguil'd,  
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust :  
Him in all his ways adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

## HYMN 627. L. M.

*Faith without Works is Dead.*

- 1 **A**S body, when the soul has fled,—  
As barren trees, decay'd and dead,

Is faith—a hopeless, lifeless thing—  
If not of righteousness the spring.

- 2 To doers only of his word,  
Propitious is th' all-seeing Lord:  
He hears their cries, accepts their pray'rs,  
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.
- 3 In true and active faith, we trace  
The source of ev'ry Christian grace:  
Within the pious heart it plays,  
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray  
Where'er the stream has found its way:  
But where these spring not rich and fair,  
The stream has never wander'd there.

### HYMN 628. L. M.

*Faith of the Ancients.* HEBREWS xi. 33, 34.

- 1 **B**LEST is the mem'ry of the just,  
And sweet their slumbers in the dust!  
Though lost, long lost to mortal eye,  
Their well-earn'd fame shall never die.
- 2 In life's fair book the Patriarchs live;  
Prophets and saints instruction give;  
Though dead, they speak the truth divine,  
And in example brightly shine.
- 3 My soul, these ancient heroes view;  
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue.  
Warm'd by each word, and glorious deed,  
In the same blessed path proceed.
- 4 O may I in their triumphs share,  
When the great Saviour shall appear,  
To raise them up to high renown  
And give them an immortal crown!

## HYMN 629. P. M. 11s

*Precious Promises.*

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,  
Who unto Jehovah for refuge have fled?
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd;  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid.  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to  
stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow:  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply.  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "The soul that on me humbly leans for repose,  
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes.  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to  
shake,  
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

## HYMN 630. P. M. 7s &amp; 6s.

*Faith aspiring to Heaven.*

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things  
Tow'rd heav'n, thy native place.  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;  
Time shall soon this earth remove:  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepar'd above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source.  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;  
Press onward to the prize:  
Soon the Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies.  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be giv'n;  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

HYMN 631. P. M. 7s.

*Rejoicing in Hope.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing:  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd;  
You near Jesus' throne shall rest.  
There your seats are now prepar'd—  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand  
On the borders of your land.  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismay'd, go on.

- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go,  
Gladly leaving all below.  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 632. L. M.

*Glorying in God alone.*

JEREMIAH ix. 23, 24.

- 1 **T**HE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state;  
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,  
All heav'n before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides;  
Such works are pleasing in his sight,  
And such the men of his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast;  
No more, ye strong, your valour trust;  
Nor let the rich survey their store,  
Replete with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,  
That God, thy God, to thee is known;  
That thou hast own'd his sov'reign sway,  
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 My wisdom, wealth, and pow'r I find  
In one Jehovah all combin'd.  
On him I fix my roving eyes,  
Till all my soul in rapture rise.
- 6 All else which I my treasure call,  
May in one fatal moment fall:  
But what his happiness can move,  
Whom God the blessed deigns to love?



## HYMN 633. L. M.

*Love to God.*

- 1 " **T**HUS shalt thou love th' Almighty Lord—  
With all thy heart, and soul, and mind."—  
So speaks to man that sacred word,  
For counsel and reproof design'd.
- 2 "With all thy heart"—no idol thing,  
Though close around the heart it twine,  
Its interposing shade must fling,  
To darken that pure love of thine.
- 3 "With all thy mind"—each vary'd pow'r,  
Creative fancy, musings high,  
And thoughts that glance behind, before,  
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 "With soul and strength"—thy days of ease  
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,  
And hope and joy, and health and peace,  
All must be freely brought to him.
- 5 Thou Pow'r Supreme, in whom we move!  
Vouchsafe thy servants, in their day,  
The mind t' adore, the heart to love,  
And strength to serve thee, while they may.

## HYMN 634. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Joyful Love to God implored.*

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Father! thou art all compassion;  
Pure, unbounded love thou art:  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter ev'ry longing heart.

- 3 Breathe, O breathe thy blissful spirit  
 Into ev'ry troubl'd breast!  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.
- 4 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all thy life receive,  
 Graciously come down, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave.
- 5 Change from glory into glory,  
 Till in heav'n we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

## HYMN 635. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Grateful Affection to God.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing.  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace.  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
 Prone to leave the God of love—  
 Here's my heart: O, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

## HYMN 636. L. M.

- 1 **O** FROM the world's vile slavery,  
 Almighty Father! set me free;

- And as my treasure is above,  
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
- 2 But oft, alas ! too well I know,  
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below.  
In ev'ry lifeless pray'r I find  
The heart unmov'd, the absent mind.
- 3 O what that frozen heart can move,  
That melts not at a Saviour's love ?  
What can that sluggish spirit raise,  
That will not sing its Father's praise ?
- 4 Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms,  
And earthly love my bosom warms ;  
Though cold my heart to love divine,  
And cold, my bleeding Lord, to thine !
- 5 O draw my best affections hence,  
Above this world of sin and sense ;  
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,  
And rest not till to thee they rise.

## HYMN 637. S. M.

*Doing all to the Glory of God.*

- 1 **T**EACH me, my God and King,  
In all things thee to see :  
And what I do in any thing,  
To do it as for thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend :  
In all I do, be thou the way—  
In all, be thou the end !
- 3 All may of thee partake :  
Nothing so small can be,  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If prompted by thy laws,  
E'en servile labours shine :

Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,  
The meanest work divine.

## HYMN 638. L. M.

*Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
In coming to a mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw :  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love ;  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining pray'r, we cease to fight ;  
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright,  
And while he stands with arms spread wide  
Success is always on his side.
- 4 Were half the breath that's vainly spent  
To heav'n in supplication sent :  
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

## HYMN 639. L. M.

*The Mercy-Seat.*

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 3 Ah ! whither could we fly for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd ?

Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

- 4 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sin, and sense, seem all no more;  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 5 O let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat.

HYMN 640. P. M. 11s & 10s.

*Prayer, the Refuge of the Disconsolate.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,  
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel.  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your  
anguish:  
Earth has no sorrows, that heav'n cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying;  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
Earth has no sorrow, that heav'n cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above.  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing,  
Earth has no sorrows but heav'n can remove.

HYMN 641. C. M.

*Religious Retirement, and Secret Prayer.*

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes, where sin is waging still  
Its most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With pray'r and praise agree;  
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode :  
 O with what peace, and joy, and love  
 She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
 Her solitary lays;  
 Nor asks a witness of her song,  
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 What thanks I owe thee ! and what love,  
 A boundless, endless store,  
 Shall echo through the realms above,  
 When time shall be no more !

## HYMN 642. P. M. 7s.

*Filial Confidence Supplanted.*

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart;  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art;  
 Make me as a weaned child;  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.
- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave.  
 'Tis enough, that thou wilt care :  
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own,  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
 Fears to stir a step alone :

Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, guard, and guide.

- 4 Thus preserv'd from ev'ry wile,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon thy smile,  
Till the promis'd hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

HYMN 643. P. M. 7s & 6s.

*Divine Light and Comfort.*

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian, while he sings;  
It is the Lord, who rises  
With healing on his wings.  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new.  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But he will bear us through:—  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe his people too.  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed:  
And he who feeds the ravens,  
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Their wonted fruit should bear;  
 Though all the fields should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there:  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice;  
 For, while in him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice,

## HYMN 644. L. M.

*Trust, not in Creatures, but in God.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone;  
 My rock and refuge is his throne:  
 In all my fears, in all my straits,  
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
 Pour out your hearts before his face:  
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
 God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree;  
 The baser sort are vanity:  
 Laid in the balance, both appear  
 Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
 Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust.  
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
 And not believe what God hath spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,  
 Once and again my ears have heard:  
 "All pow'r is his eternal due;  
 He must be fear'd and trusted too."

## HYMN 645. L. M.

*Contentment and Trust in God.*

- 1 **B**E still, my heart! these anxious cares  
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares



- They cast dishonour on thy Lord,  
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,  
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?  
How canst thou want, if he provide?  
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And he refuse to hear thy call?  
And has he not his promise pass'd,  
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 4 Though rough and thorny be the road,  
It leads thee home apace to God:  
Then count thy present trial small,  
For heav'n will make amends for all.

HYMN 646. L. M.

*Submission and Trust.*

- 1 **M**Y God, I thank thee! may no thought  
E'er deem thy chastisement severe:  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;  
'The sun shines bright, and man is gay:  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,  
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know:  
But not one pray'r is breath'd in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil:  
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,  
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

## HYMN 647. C. M.

ISAIAH xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HY mournest thou, my anxious soul,  
Despairing of relief,  
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,  
Or pity'd not thy grief?
- 2 Art thou afraid, his power will fail  
In sorrow's evil day?  
Can the Creator's mighty arm  
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Supreme in wisdom, as in pow'r,  
The Rock of ages stands:  
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace  
The working of his hands.
- 4 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heav'nly aids impart.
- 5 Mere human energy shall faint,  
And youthful vigour cease:  
But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.
- 6 They, with unweary'd step, shall tread  
The path of life divine;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

## HYMN 648. C. M.

MODERATION.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious steps  
Still keep the golden mean;  
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,  
Declares a conscience clean.

- 2 What blessings bounteous heav'n bestows,  
He takes with thankful heart ;  
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,  
And gives the poor a part.
- 3 'To sect or party his large soul  
Disdains to be confin'd :  
The good he loves of ev'ry name,  
And prays for all mankind.
- 4 His business is to keep his heart ;  
Each passion to control ;  
Nobly ambitious well to rule  
The empire of his soul.
- 5 Not on the world his heart is set ;  
His treasure is above :  
Nothing beneath the sov'reign good  
Can claim his highest love.

HYMN 649. P. M. 8s & 6s.

*The Parent's Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of all, whose sovereign will  
Hath called thy servant to fulfil  
The parent's tender part !  
With gifts and graces from above,  
With calmest care and wisest love,  
Instruct my simple heart.
- 2 O may I ev'ry moment see  
Th' important end for which to me  
Thou hast my children giv'n !  
A blessed instrument divine,  
Through thee, to make and keep them thine,  
And train them up for heav'n.
- 3 Help me, great God ! their souls to rear,  
And, principled with holy fear,  
In virtue's path to lead ;

The hunger after thee excite,  
And stir them up with all their might  
To seek the living bread.

- 4 Thou, Lord, my ev'ry fault prevent,  
And guard whom thou to me hast lent,  
And guide them by thine eye.  
Conduct, or to thyself receive :  
O let them to thy glory live,  
Or in thy favour die !

### HYMN 650. C. M.

#### *Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious universe around,  
The heav'ns with all their train,  
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and his might ;  
While all his works with all his ways  
Harmoniously unite.
- 3 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below and saints above  
Their bliss and glory find.
- 4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song ;  
There, through one bright, eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.
- 5 Lord ! may our union form a part  
Of that thrice-happy whole ;  
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart ;  
Its life from thee, the soul.

## HYMN 651. P. M. 7s.

*Lord's-day Morning.*

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,  
God has brought us on our way :  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day ;—  
Day of all the week the best,  
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies, multiply'd each hour,  
Through the week, our praise demand ;  
Guarded by thy mighty pow'r,  
Fed and guided by thy hand.  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we find repose in thee !
- 3 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
Make the fruits of grace abound ;  
Bring relief for all complaints.  
Blest may all our sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above !

## HYMN 652. S. M.

*Invitations to God's House.*

- 1 **C**OME to the house of pray'r,  
O thou afflicted, come :  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now :  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love :  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,  
Your lips forget to move.

- 4 Ye young, before his throne,  
Come, bow, your voices raise:  
Let not your hearts his praise disown,  
Who gives the pow'r to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all;  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call;
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heav'n on earth be won.

## HYMN 653. S. M.

*Delight in Ordinances.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day:  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear Lord hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 654. C. M.

*The Sabbath of the Soul.*

- 1 **S**LEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!  
Ye shall not dim the light that streams  
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough  
To feel your harsh control:  
Ye shall not violate this day,  
The sabbath of my soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts!  
Let fires of vengeance die!  
And, cleans'd from sin, may I behold  
A God of purity!

## HYMN 655. P. M. 7s.

*Humble Worship.*

- 1 **W**HEN before thy throne we kneel,  
Fill'd with awe and holy fear,  
Teach us, O our God, to feel  
All thy sacred presence near.
- 2 Check each proud and wand'ring thought,  
When on thy great name we call.  
Man is nought, is less than nought;  
Thou, our God, art all in all.
- 3 O receive the praise that dares  
Seek thy heav'n-exalted throne;  
Bless our off'rings, hear our pray'rs,  
Infinite and Holy One!

## HYMN 656. C. M.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **A** GAIN our ears have heard the voice,  
At which the dead shall live:

O may the sound our hearts rejoice,  
And strength immortal give!

- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?  
And have we felt its pow'r?  
To keep it be our blest employ,  
Till life's concluding hour.

### HYMN 657. C. M.

*After Sermon.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, thy word is cast  
Like seed into the ground:  
Now let the dew of heav'n descend,  
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;  
That all whose souls the truth receive,  
Its saving pow'r may know.

### HYMN 658. P. M. 7s.

BENEDICTION.

- 1 **N**OW may he, who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,—  
All our souls in safely keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night.

### HYMN 659. P. M. 8s & 7s.

BENEDICTION.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.



- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord;  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

## HYMN 660. L. M.

*At the Baptism of a Child.*

- 1 **T**HIS child we dedicate to thee,  
O God of grace and purity!  
Shield it from sin and threat'ning wrong,  
And let thy love its life prolong.
- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw  
Its willing soul to keep thy law!  
May virtue, piety, and truth  
Dawn even with its dawning youth!
- 3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,  
Once shar'd the blest baptismal rite;  
And would renew its solemn vow  
With love and thanks and praises now.
- 4 Grant that with true and faithful heart  
We still may act the Christian part;  
Cheer'd by each promise thou hast giv'n,  
And lab'ring for the prize of heav'n.

## HYMN 661. C. M.

*At the Close of the Communion.*

- 1 **O** GOD, accept the sacred hour  
Which we to thee have giv'n;  
And let this hallow'd scene have pow'r  
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 2 Still let us hold, till life departs,  
The precepts of thy Son;  
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts,  
Forget what he has done.

- 3 His true disciples may we live,  
 From all corruption free;  
 And humbly learn, like him, to give  
 Our pow'rs, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft, along life's dang'rous way,  
 To smooth our passage through,  
 Wilt thou, as on this holy day,  
 For us this scene renew !

## HYMN 662. L. M.

*Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies;
- 2 O like the sun may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will  
 March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 3 Lord ! thy commands are clear and pure,  
 Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;  
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to thy bliss.  
 All my desires and hopes beside,  
 Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

## HYMN 663. P. M. 8s.

*Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **A**S ev'ry day thy mercy spares,  
 Will bring its trials or its cares,  
 O Father, till my life shall end,  
 Be thou my counsellor and friend !

- Teach me thy statutes all divine,  
And let thy will be always mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,  
And weary'd nature seeks repose;  
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,  
Guard me, my Father, while I rest:  
And as each morning sun shall rise,  
O lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labours done—  
Father, thy heav'nly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

## HYMN 664. S. M.

*Evening.*

- 1 **T**HE day is pass'd and gone,  
The ev'ning shades appear:  
O may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near!
- 2 I lay my garments by,  
Upon my bed to rest:  
So death will soon disrobe my soul  
Of what is here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears:  
Protect and guard me, while I sleep,  
Till morning-light appears.
- 4 And when my days are pass'd,  
And I from time remove,  
Lord, may I in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

## HYMN 665. P. M. 7s.

*Safety in God. Morning or Evening.*

- 1 **T**HEY who on the Lord rely,  
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh.  
Lo, his shelt'ring wings are spread  
O'er each faithful servant's head.
- 2 Vain is ev'ry wily snare;  
Christians are Jehovah's care:  
Harmless flies the shaft by day,  
Or in darkness wings its way.
- 3 When they wake, or when they sleep,  
God in safety them will keep:  
Death and danger may be near,  
Faith and love have nought to fear.

## HYMN 666. P. M. 7s.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **M**IGHTY God! another day  
Me hath sped along my way.  
Nearer to my grave I've come,  
Nearer to mine endless home.
- 2 Thanks for life's extended length,  
For continued health and strength,  
Food and raiment, sun and air,  
Still provided by thy care;
- 3 Powers of soul and body still  
Guarded from each threat'ning ill;  
Friends to love, and good to do,  
Truth to seek, and heav'n pursue.
- 4 Gracious God! my thanks sincere  
Kindly deign in heav'n to hear.  
Bid them gush, full, warm, and free,  
From a spirit fill'd with thee.

- 5 Round me close the shades of night;  
 Gird me with thy presence bright.  
 Darkness comes not where thou art :  
 Dwell thou ever in my heart !

## HYMN 667. P. M. 7s.

*New-Year.*

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hasted through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here !  
 Fix'd in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below :  
 We a little longer wait ;  
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find ;  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind :  
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream.  
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;  
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless thy word to young and old ;  
 Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
 May we dwell with thee above !

## HYMN 668. C. M.

*Sun, stand thou still. JOSHUA x. 12.*

- 1 “**S**TAND still, refulgent orb of day !”  
 The Jewish victor cries :

- So shall, at last, an angel say,  
And tear it from the skies.
- 2 A flame, intenser than the sun,  
Shall melt his golden urn;  
Time's empty glass no more shall run,  
Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendour bright,  
That glorious orb shall rise,  
Which through eternity shall light  
The new-created skies.
- 4 His moral triumphs then complete,  
Jesus, our Lord, shall place  
Before his heav'nly Father's seat  
The heirs of life and grace.
- 5 Unceasing flows the mortal tide;  
Unceasing let it flow:  
If thou, O Lord, our guard and guide,  
Wilt daily grace bestow.
- 6 Then, sun of nature! roll along  
And bear our years away:  
The sooner shall we join the song  
Of everlasting day.

## HYMN 669. P. M. 7s.

*On opening a Place for Worship.*

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise  
Here a house of pray'r and praise.  
Thou thy people's heart prepare  
Here to meet for praise and pray'r!
- 2 Let the living here be fed  
With thy word, the heav'nly bread;  
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,  
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall gird the land!

Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.

- 4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky  
To the joyful sound reply;  
Hallelujah!—hence ascend  
Pray'r and praise, till time shall end.

### HYMN 670. L. M.

#### *Dedication of a House of Worship.*

- 1 **O** BOW thine ear, Eternal One!  
On thee our heart adoring calls;  
To thee the foll'wers of thy Son  
Have rais'd, and now devote these walls.
- 2 Here may thine honour dwell; and here  
As incense, let thy children's pray'r,  
From contrite hearts, and lips sincere,  
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 3 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;  
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,  
As when of old thy Spirit hung  
On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 4 And when the lips, that with thy name  
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,  
On others may devotion's flame  
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

### HYMN 671. L. M.

#### *At the Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **O** THOU, who art above all height!  
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!  
Beneath thy throne of love and light,  
Let thine adoring children bend.
- 2 We join in praise, that here is set  
A vine that by thy culture grew;

We join in pray'r, that thou wouldst wet  
Its op'ning leaves with heav'nly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath giv'n  
Himself, his pow'rs, his hopes, his youth,  
To the great cause of truth and heav'n,  
Be thou his guide, O God of truth !

1 And may his doctrines drop like rain,  
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,  
Till green fields smile, and golden grain,  
Ripe for the harvest, wait thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death,—by care,  
Or pain, or toil, or years oppress'd—  
O God ! remember thou our pray'r,  
And take his spirit to thy rest.

### HYMN 672. C. M.

*For a Meeting of Ministers.*

1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take th' alarm they give ;  
Now let us from the mouth of God  
Our solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there :  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear ?

4 May we, that Jesus whom we preach,  
Our own Redeemer see !  
And watch thou daily o'er our souls,  
That we may watch for thee.



## HYMN 673. L. M.

*Prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest pray'r.  
We plead for those, who plead for thee :  
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work ! how vast their charge !  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge !  
Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be thine :  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains ;  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

## HYMN 674. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Prayer for a Congregation, as the Lord's Vineyard.*

- 1 **S**EE the vineyard thou hast planted,  
God of mercy, Lord of hosts !  
Let thy people's pray'r be granted—  
Keep it safe from hostile boasts.

Hear, O hear us, when we pray—  
Keep thy vineyard night and day !

- 2 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;  
Let them thrive beneath thy hand ;  
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,  
Blooming fair at thy command ;  
Let the fruitful yield thee more,  
Laden with a plenteous store.

- 3 Further, Lord, be thou entreated ;  
Plant the barren waste around.  
Let thy work be thus completed,  
And no fruitless spot be found.  
Let the earth a vineyard be,  
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

### HYMN 675. C. M.

#### *Remembrance of the Creator in Youth.*

- 1 **I**N the soft season of thy youth,  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb ;
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God ;  
For him thy pow'rs employ ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heav'nly truth :  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

## HYMN 676. P. M. 10s &amp; 11s.

*Prayer for the Aged.*

- 1 **T**HE day is far spent, the evening is nigh,  
When I must lay down this body and die :  
Great God ! I surrender my dust to thy care ;  
Do thou for the summons my spirit prepare.
- 2 The hours that remain, O with me abide,  
And in the dark vale of death be my guide.  
Through life's weary journey thou ever wast near  
And in my last moments, Lord, for me appear.
- 3 Though rayless the night, though starless the skies,  
Extinguish'd all light, and death on my eyes ;  
An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb,  
Before whose bright dawning shall vanish its gloom.
- 4 O day long foretold, when wilt thou appear ?  
Thy approach I behold with hope and with fear.  
O righteous Judge, spare me ; from sin set me free  
And daily prepare me to stand before thee !

## HYMN 677. L. M.

*The present moment, that of Decision.*

- 1 **A**T ev'ry moment, ev'ry breath,  
Life trembles on the verge of death ;  
A taper's flame that upward turns,  
While downward to the dust it burns.
- 2 A moment usher'd us to birth,  
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth.  
Moment by moment years are past ;  
And one, ere long, will be our last.
- 3 'Twixt that which struck us into light,  
And that which shall eclipse in night,  
There is a point no eye can see,  
Yet hangs on it eternity.

- 4 God for our portion then we choose,  
Or him ungrateful then refuse.  
Where is that point of wo or bliss?—  
Gone by?—to come?—no, here,—’tis this.
- 5 *This* is the moment, which begins;  
*Now*, let us cast away our sins.  
This is the moment; on its end,  
Will pain or paradise depend.
- 6 The past is fled, the future not;  
The present is our only lot.  
O God, henceforth our hearts incline,  
To see no other way but thine!

## HYMN 678. L. M.

*True length of Life.*

- 1 **L**IKE shadows gliding o’er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man’s busy generations pass,  
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.
- 2 “He lived—he died:” behold the sum,  
The abstract of th’ historian’s page!  
Alike in God’s all-seeing eye,  
The infant’s day, the patriarch’s age.
- 3 O Father! in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie;  
Teach us the boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly;
- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:  
So shall we wake from death’s dark night,  
To share the glory that succeeds.

## HYMN 679. L. M.

*“Why stand ye here idle?”*

- 1 **T**HE God of glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year:

And warns us each with awful sound,  
 "No longer stand ye idle here."

- 2 "Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,  
 Waste not of hope the morning light!  
 Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?"
- 3 "O, as the griefs ye would assuage  
 That wait on life's declining year,  
 Secure a blessing for your age,  
 And work your Maker's business here.
- 4 "And ye, whose locks of scanty grey  
 Foretell your latest travail near;  
 How swiftly fades your worthless day!  
 And stand ye yet so idle here?"
- 5 "One hour remains, there is but one!  
 But many a shriek, and many a tear  
 Through bitter years the guilt must moan  
 Of moments lost and wasted here!"
- 6 O thou, by all thy works ador'd,  
 To whom the sinner's soul is dear,  
 Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord!  
 And grant us grace to please thee here!

## HYMN 680. P. M. 11s.

*"I would not live alway."* JOB vii. 16.

- 1 **I** WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay,  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way.  
 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;  
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin;  
 Temptation without, and corruption within:  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright  
 plains,  
 And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns:
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;  
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

## HYMN 681. C. M.

*Impatience for Death sinful.*

- 1 **W**HY thus impatient to be gone?  
 Such wishes breathe no more:  
 Let him who lock'd thy spirit in,  
 When meet, unbolt the door.
- 2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm,  
 Before the conquest's won?  
 Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,  
 Ere yet the race is run?
- 3 Inglorious wish, to haste away  
 And leave thy work undone!  
 To serve thy Lord, will please no less  
 Than praising round the throne.
- 4 Whilst thou art standing in the field,  
 For bliss thou'lt riper grow:  
 Then wait the Lord's appointed time,  
 Till he shall bid thee go.

## HYMN 682. L. M.

*Death of the Righteous.*

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the righteous, when he dies!  
 When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer' cloud away ;  
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er ;  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys :  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,  
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How bless'd the righteous, when he dies !"

## HYMN 683. L. M.

*Fear of Death overcome.*

- 1 **I** CANNOT shun the stroke of death :—  
Lord, help me to surmount the fear ;  
That when I must resign my breath,  
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart :—  
In me let ev'ry sin be slain !  
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart ;  
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,  
Closely the ends of life pursue ;  
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,  
And honour thee in all I do !
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,  
Where in thy light I light shall see :  
That man may freely dare to die,  
Who longs to be possess'd of thee.

- 5 Say, thou art mine, and chase the gloom  
 'Thick hanging o'er the vale of death :  
 Then shall I fearless meet my doom,  
 And as a victor yield my breath.

## HYMN 684. L. M.

*Death, a blessing to the Righteous.*

- 1 **D**O flesh and nature dread to die ?  
 And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave ?  
 But grace can raise our hopes on high,  
 And quell the terrors of the grave.
- 2 Do we not dwell in clouds below,  
 And little know the God we love ?  
 Why should we like this twilight so,  
 When 'tis all noon in worlds above ?
- 3 When we put off this fleshly load,  
 We're from a thousand mischiefs free ;  
 For ever present with our God,  
 Where we have wish'd and long'd to be.
- 4 No more shall pride or passion rise,  
 Or envy fret, or malice roar,  
 Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes,  
 And sin defile our eyes no more.
- 5 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,  
 To go where tempters cannot come ;  
 Where saints and angels, ever blest,  
 Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.
- 6 O for the mighty help of God  
 To drive my fears of death away,  
 And aid me through this darksome road  
 To realms of everlasting day !

## HYMN 685. L. M.

*Home in view.*

- 1 **A**S when the weary trav'ler gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,



- His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, though distant still :
- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers ;  
 No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 Father ! on thee our hopes we stay,  
 To lead us on to thine abode :  
 Assur'd thy love will far o'erpay  
 The hardest labours of the road.

## HYMN 686. L. M.

*At the Funeral of the Righteous.*

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust ;  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To slumber in thy silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear  
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
 Pass'd through the grave and bless'd the bed.  
 Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies !  
 Then, cloth'd anew in bright array,  
 Immortal form ! to life arise,  
 And swell the song of endless day.

## HYMN 687. P. M. 7s.

*At a Funeral.*

- 1 **C**LAY to clay, and dust to dust!  
 Let them mingle—for they must!  
 Give to earth the earthly clod,  
 For the spirit's fled to God.
- 2 Upward let us turn our view;  
 Peace is there and comfort too:  
 There shall those we love be found,  
 Tracing joy's eternal round.

## HYMN 688. P. M. 7s.

*The happy Dead.*

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice divides the sky:—  
 Happy are the faithful dead!  
 In the Lord who sweetly die,  
 They from all their toils are freed!  
 Them the Spirit hath declar'd  
 Blest, unutterably blest.  
 Jesus is their great reward:  
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Who can now lament the lot  
 Of a saint in Christ deceas'd?  
 Let the world that knows us not,  
 Call us homeless and unblest'd.  
 When from flesh the spirit freed  
 Hastens homeward to return;  
 Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"  
 Angels sing, "A child is born!"
- 3 Born into the world above,  
 They our happy brother greet;  
 Bear him to the throne of love,  
 Place him at the Saviour's feet.  
 Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,  
 Good and faithful servant thou!"

Enter and receive thy crown ;  
Reign with me triumphant now ! ”

## HYMN 689. S. M.

*The issues of Life and Death.*

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
’Twere vain, the ocean’s depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh.  
’Tis not, the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasur’d by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath.  
O what appalling horrors hang  
Around “ the second death ! ”
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !  
Teach us that death to shun ;  
Lest we be banish’d from thy face  
And utterly undone.

## HYMN 690. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*The final Judgment.*

- 1 **G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear !  
The end of things created !  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !  
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore  
The dead which they contain’d before !  
Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

## HYMN 691. C. M.

*The Last Account.*

- 1 **T**HE time draws near, when thou, my soul,  
Thy last account must give ;  
When thy whole life shall be survey'd  
By him who bade thee live
- 2 How many talents, O my God !  
Hast thou bestow'd on me !  
But yet how few can there be found  
Devoted, Lord, to thee !
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,  
And thy more precious word,  
The talents are for which I must  
Account to thee, my Lord.
- 4 Much of my time, alas ! I've lost,  
And much have I mispent :  
How careless of my grand concern !  
On trifles how intent !
- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom,  
My holy care excite !  
Each talent may I well improve,  
And in thy work delight !

## HYMN 692. P. M. 8s &amp; 6s.

*Expectation of Judgment.*

- 1 **O** GOD, mine inmost soul convert !  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress.  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate ;  
Wake me to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
To meet a joyful doom?

- 3 Be this my one great business here,  
With serious industry and fear  
Eternal bliss t' insure;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, O my God, my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above;  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full supreme delight  
And everlasting love.

## HYMN 693. L. M.

*The Last Day.*

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,  
What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When shriv'ling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heav'ns together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:
- 3 Lord! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away.

## HYMN 694. C. M.

*The Last Harvest.*

- 1 **T**HE angel comes, he comes to reap  
The harvest of the Lord!

- O'er all the earth, with fatal sweep,  
Wide waves his flaming sword.
- 2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide  
The fire of vengeance bound?  
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride  
Chok'd the fair crop around.
- 3 And who are they, reserv'd in store  
God's treasure-house to fill?  
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore  
Amid surrounding ill.
- 4 O King of mercy! grant us pow'r  
The fiery wrath to flee!  
In thy destroying angel's hour,  
O gather us to thee!

## HYMN 695. L. M.

*Preparation for Heaven.*

- 1 **H**EAV'N is a place of rest from sin:  
But all who hope to enter there,  
Must here that holy course begin,  
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create;  
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew:  
Commence we now that higher state,  
Now do thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,  
Learn ev'ry lesson of his love;  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heav'n below to heav'n above.

## HYMN 696. P. M. 8s &amp; 7s.

*Peace and Glory of Heaven.*

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken:  
O my people, faint and few,

Comfortless, afflicted, broken—

Fair abodes I build for you.

Scenes of heartfelt tribulation

Shall no more perplex your ways:

You shall name your walls salvation,

And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,

Pleasures without end shall flow;

For the Lord, your faith rewarding,

All his bounty shall bestow.

Still in undisturb'd possession,

Peace and righteousness shall reign:

Never shall you feel oppression,

Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,

Waning moons no more shall see;

But your griefs for ever ending,

Find eternal rest in me.

God shall rise, and shining o'er you,

Change to day the gloom of night:

He, the Lord, shall be your glory,

God your everlasting light.

### HYMN 697. C. M.

#### *The Heavenly Jerusalem.*

1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!  
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labours have an end

In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls

And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know.

Bless'd seats ! through rude an stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and wo ?  
Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below,  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
My soul still pants for thee.  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

### HYMN 698. P. M. 7s.

REVELATION vii. 9—17.

1 **W**HO are these in bright array ?  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar night and day  
Tuning their triumphant song ?  
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,  
Wisdom, riches to obtain,  
New dominion ev'ry hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great affliction came :  
Now, before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his eternal name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed :



Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
 Shall to living fountains lead.  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
 Perfect love dispels their fears;  
 And for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away their tears.

HYMN 699. P. M. 8s.

*Foretaste of Heaven.*

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,  
 At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,  
 Since the sweet earnest of his love  
 O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!  
 No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
 What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
 When sorrow pains our hearts no more,  
 How shall we view the Prince of light,  
 And all his works of grace explore!  
 What heights and depths of love divine  
 Will there through endless ages shine!
- 3 This is the heav'n I long to know:  
 For this with patience I would wait,  
 Till, wean'd from earth and all below,  
 I mount to my celestial seat,  
 And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
 And with the elders cast them down.

HYMN 700. C. M.

*Re-union of the Good in Heaven.*

- 1 **B**LEST hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,  
 Their earthly sorrows o'er;  
 And with celestial welcome greet,  
 On an immortal shore!

- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child;  
Brothers on brothers gaze :  
The tear of resignation mild  
Is chang'd to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolv'd with pain,  
With endless bliss is crown'd.  
All that was dead, revives again;  
All that was lost, is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, ling'ring still,  
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;  
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill  
The soul's expanding pow'rs.
- 5 Congenial minds, array'd in light,  
High thoughts shall interchange;  
Nor cease, with ever-new delight.  
On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their Father marks the gen'rous flame,  
And looks complacent down :  
The smile, that owns their filial claim,  
Is their immortal crown.









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